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THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

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THE

SONG OF MIRIAM

AND OTHER

HYMNS & VERSES

Translated and Original

BY

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER

Chicago
BIGLOW & MAIN
1888

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By M. Woolsey Stryker.

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THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

EXODUS XV.

SING, Iſrael! for the Lord, your ſtrength,
Hath triumphed glorioufly!
Rider and horſe your fathers' God
Hath thrown into the ſea!

The floods were parted at Thy word
Before th' uplifted rod,
And thro the depths, as by dry land,
Thy ranſomed millions trod.

Foes hot with haſte and clamoring wrath,
Outſtretched their angry hands:
God from His fiſts the gathered winds
Flung forth acroſs the ſands.

O'er Pharaoh's hoſt the upright walls
Flowed back,—they ſank as ſtone!
Lord,—holy, fearful, wondrous,—Thou
Art God! and Thou alone.

Trembling, the nations hear and dread
The greatneſs of Thine arm.
They shall be ſtill till Iſrael paſs
Secure from threatened harm;—

Till all the purchased people paſs
Up to Thy citadel,—
The ſaints' inheritance in light,
Where they with Thee shall dwell.

With voice of many waters, there
Shall Iſrael ſing again,
The Lord, who triumphs glorioufly,—
Who evermore shall reign!

1878.

OVERVIEW.

THY KINGDOM COME! O Everlasting Lord!
Fullfilling all the promise of Thy word.
Cover with Thy majesty
The Earth, as waterfloods o'erspread the sea!

Let anarchy and lust and falsehood yield
To signs and wonders of Thine Arm Revealed;
Wide world kingdoms all be one,—
The kingdom of our God and Christ His Son.

The winds Thy sandals and the tides Thy path,
Smite down oppressions with Thy rod of wrath.
Everlasting righteousness
Bring in, Thou Prince, the waiting years to bless.

Bid tears of joy to long-expectant eyes.
Broader than noonday let Thy light arise.
Far and wide Thy truth advance,
And take Thine uttermost inheritance.

Thine unseen sceptre hath Thy reign begun,
Amid the candles walks the Living One:
Oh! reveal Thy wondrous way,
Still brighter, brighter, to Thy perfect day!

Aflame from eaſt to weſt, where all was dark,
Send Thy white lightnings hurtling to their mark.
Every empire make Thee room,—
The ſplendor of Thy goſpel banish gloom!

Burſt forth, O Bridegroom! from Thy chambers bright,
That, Time's deep ſhadows ſwallowed up of light,
Forth may ſtand Thy holy Bride,
And Thy ſoul's travail all be ſatisfied!

Fair as the Moon, and clear as Thou her Sun,
Apparelled in the robes her faith hath won,
Thou wilt take her then and own
The love nor waters quenched nor floods could drown!

Long hath she waited, watched and mourned apart:
But now is ſet a ſeal upon Thy heart,
Joyful reads the way she trod,
Submiſſive to the righteouſneſs of God!

Rejoice, ye ſaints, redemption's day is near!
Tho we know not the hour He shall appear,
Yet shall evening-time be light,
And glorious noonday follow heavy night.

Ah! cloudleſs morn, when Chriſt, our Sun, shall riſe,
And Heaven's great daybreak fill th' unfolding skies!
None shall say, 'Lo! here!'—or 'there!'
For lo! the shining dawn is everywhere.
1880.

THE ENDLESS ALLELUIA.

WHEN the Everlaſting Lord
Waked Creation by His word,
Gathered Earth from out the ſea,
Sowed the void and lit the day,—
Then, from every holy ſphere,
While the morning ſtars chimed clear,
Shouts of praiſe the angels ſang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang.

When the Everlaſting Word,
Cradled Babe,—'Arm of the Lord,'
Led a brighter, holier, day,
By the Star-of-Bethlehem's ray,—
Then again the heavenly throng,
Poured a flood of thrilling ſong;
"Praiſe the God of Peace!" they ſang,
Earth with Alleluias rang.

With a glad, harmonious voice,
All adoring hearts rejoice!
Heaven-taught, evermore they raiſe
Hymns of faith and love and praiſe;
Till ſhall break that pureſt morn,
When, the Heavens and Earth new-born,
Angel ſongs with ſaints' ſhall blend
Alleluias without end.

1881.

THE LAST CRADLE.

MY Lord, who trod this path alone,
Yet not alone, ſtill leads the way,
And guides His pilgrims one by one,
Within the gates of cloudless day.

My ſins are loſt in Love's release.
He ſtays my heart, who did redeem.
My ſoul is kept in perfect peace;
Because my truſt is fixed on Him.

Aſſured forever of my Friend,
Upon His word my faith can ſtand,
Who, having loved, loves to the end;
And naught ſhall pluck me from His hand!

His everlaſting arms beneath
Of love and life, how can I weep?
I do not die;—there is no death!
In Jeſus' claſp, I'm laid to ſleep.

1881.

A SONG OF ASCENTS.

THE tribes of faith, from all the Earth,
  Preſs up to Thee, O Zion!
For God hath broke our captive yoke,
  And burſt the gates of iron!
Within thy land our feet ſhall ſtand,
  In ſpite of Satan's malice;
Our conq'ring King His Church ſhall bring,
  Triumphant, to His palace.

Our thirſty hearts cry out to God,—
  The living Rock is riven!
Our hungry ſouls believe the Word,
  And eat the bread of Heaven!
Sun ſhall not ſmite, nor Moon by night;
  The Lord doth ſtand beſide us.
'T is He that keeps, who never ſleeps,
  And home His hand ſhall guide us.

We shout for joy as on we march,
  With Chriſt our Captain glorious;
In Him the promiſe ſtandeth sure
  That we shall be victorious!
Mid flame and flood, 'neath calm and cloud,
  Thro wilderneſs and river,
We tread the road that leads to God,
  To dwell with Him forever.
1881.

A CRY.

MIGHTY God! Thy Church recover!
Bid the ſleep of death be over.
Purge our hearts, Thou Holy Ghoſt!
Light the flames of Pentecoſt.

By the Saviour's interceſſion,
Blot in mercy our tranſgreſſion!
Thou, O God! wilt not deſpise
Broken-hearted ſacrifice!

Turn Thy people's desolation
To the joy of Thy ſalvation!
So our tongues aloud shall ſing
Of Thy righteousness, our King!

1881.

FULFILLMENT.

ETERNAL day hath owned
The Prince of Life enthroned!
Thro gates of amethyſt,
To the great Euchariſt,
The Church of Chriſt,—
Purchase unpriced!—
Streams in, a ransomed throng,
Uplifting endless ſong.
Each brow One Name doth gem,
Brighter than diadem.

These that confest the Name,
These that deſpised the shame,
They walk with Him in white;
For well they fought the fight.
Kept they the faith,
Won ſorrow's graith.
Now by Immanuel's grace,
Transformed beneath His face,
Long as eternity,
The Bleſſéd One they ſee!

God hath wiped every tear,
Ended all doubt and fear.
Crying and pain are o'er,
And death shall be no more.
All things are new!
Faithful and True,
The King of Kings hath come,
Fetched all His banished home.
Jesus hath kept His word;
The Bride is with her Lord.

Perfected peace at last!
Earth's tribulation past.
There is no longer night;
The Lamb doth give them light.
Every whit whole
Each ranſomed ſoul!
For every heart athirſt
Celestial fountains burſt.
Along the heavenly meads
His flock their Shepherd leads.

1881.

A GREAT LIGHT.

RING again, ye ſtarry chime!
'Tis the fulness of the time.
Shadows of the ages fly,
Love's broad banner fills the sky!
Earth's new birthday! Tell it out,
Sons of Heaven, with joyful shout!

Let God's Israel from the moil
Of death's battle gather ſpoil;
Joy, as when the reapers come
Bearing high the harvest home;
Broken is th' oppreſſor's rood,
Burned the garments rolled in blood.

Unto us a Child is born,
Given to us the Son of Morn!
His shall throne and ſceptre be,
Father of Eternity!
Let Thy government increase
Endleſſly, O Prince of Peace!

Wonder, Counſel, Mighty Lord!
Henceforth ever be adored.
Thou didſt put Thy glory down,
Thou doſt wear the ages' crown.
Grant us in Thy realms to be,
By that ſtrange nativity.

1881.

FAITH.

BASED UPON A HYMN BY JAMES UPHAM, 1870.

THE WAY is dark. I cannot ſee at all.
My Jeſus! guide!
Oh, let me feel the claſping of Thy hand,
Close by my ſide!
Lord, ſtay the heart Thy tender love hath won,
Upbraid me not while yet Thou leadeſt on.

The way is long. I fear I yet may fall.
My Jeſus! keep!
Oh! let my faith outlaſt the weary road,
No more to weep!
Lord, let me lean upon Thy ſtrength alone,
Till in Thy light I know as I am known.

The wayfare ends. The radiant gates appear.
All trials paſt!
My ſpirit haſtes, and bounds with joy to be
Safe home at laſt!
Darkneſs and terror, doubt and tears, are o'er.
My thankful life is Thine for evermore.

1881.

JEHOVAH NISSI.

GOD ſave our land! Be this our ſteadfast prayer.
Thy Kingdom come with power and glory everywhere.
Let all our ſouls invoke Thine awful care.
God ſave our land!

Keep Thou our flag! Avert unholy wars.
Let tears of godly ſorrow cleanſe each ſtain that mars.
Thro ſtripes lead upward to the brightening ſtars.
God ſave our land!

"In God we truſt." O Lord, Thine arm make bare.
By Thy pure word ſmite pride, hate, luſt, and lies that dare,
Nor let Thy faithful rod our evil ſpare.
God ſave our land!

Guide them that rule! Our blood-bought freedom keep.
Let union, love, amd law, their happy harveſt reap,
Till in thankſgiving deep ſhall anſwer deep.
God ſave our land!

Full with Thy bleſſing, counſelled 'neath Thine eye,
Who rideſt for our help upon the bending sky;—
What nation is there who hath God ſo nigh?
God ſave our land!

Let Jesus reign! and every heart conſent.
Of Him, by Him, for Him, be all the government.
Sign with His Croſs a ranſomed continent.
God ſave our land!
1881.

LOYALTY.

UP and on, ye true three hundred!
Faith is more than odds.
Do the doing ye are bidden,
And the day is God's.
Wake the trumpet! Shout the watchword!
Lift the flaming lamp!
Bare the ſword of God and Gideon!
Truth ſhall rout their camp.

Jericho fell down in ruin,
Midian's hoſt ſhall flee,
Out ſhall Iſrael's Prince before us
Thruſt the enemy.
Thine the cauſe, O God of armies!
Gird us for the fight.
With the glory of the morning
Whelm the hoſts of night.

God, that rides the ſky to help us,
GOD! whoſe majeſty
Clave the Sea and paved the Jordan,
Pledges victory.
Yeſterday, to-day, forever,
Right ſhall hold the field.
Everywhere the truth ſhall rally,—
Powers of darkneſs yield.

1881.

TWILIGHT.

"Der goldnen Sonnen Licht."
M. CHRISTIAN SCRIVER, (1629-1693).

THE golden Sun has now fulfilled
His course of light and splendor.
While all the Earth to rest has stilled,
My soul, thy duty render.
Step forth to Heaven's door,
And sing thy carol o'er.
Thine eyes and heart and mind upraise
To Jesus, with thine evening praise.

Despise not Thou the lowly chant
That now, O Lord, I sing Thee;
For peace my heart doth ever want,
Till I her tribute bring Thee.
Tho what I bring is least,
Oh, take it as my best!
And all I heartily intend
Discern, O Christ! my soul's true Friend.

With Thee I take me to my couch,
My soul to Thee commending.
Thou wilt, my Shepherd, slumber vouch,
All wisely still befriending.

I nothing fear on Earth,
Not pain, nor Hell, nor death;
For who in Jesus' arms hath lain,
At morn, with joy shall rise again.

Now, weary frame, thy rest prepare.
In holy slumber closing,
Ye burdened eyes, shut out your care,
Give all to God's disposing:
But one word curtain in,
"Lord Jesus, I am Thine!"
So endeth all my day aright.
Now, dearest Lord, good-night,—good-night.

Tr. 1882.

THE INCARNATION.

"Fröhlich sol mein Herze springen."
PAUL GERHARDT (1606-1676) *Abr.*

JOYFUL shall my heart, upſpringing,
Hear this night, with delight,
All the angels ſinging.
Hark! how full the choirs of glory,
Far and high, thrill the ſky
With the Chriſtmas ſtory!

Forth to-day from Heaven's portal
Comes a King, conquering,
Bringing life immortal.
For thy good, O ſinful creature!
God's dear Child, undefiled,
Wears thy human nature.

Ye with heavy burdens bending,
See the near door appear,
To a rest unending!
Enter in! the life beginning,
Which, by grace, giveth peace
Evermore from ſinning.

Tr. 1882.

FORSAKE ME NOT.

"Ach Gott, verlass mich nicht."

SALOMON FRANCK, (—1725).

O GOD! forſake me not!
Thine hand to me extending,
Until, in ſteady faith,
My pilgrimage is ending.
Here in this vale of night,
Be Thou my glorious Light!
Be Thou my Staff and Rod,
Forſake me not, my God!

O God! forſake me not!
Teach me Thy way to ponder;
And let me nevermore
In ſin and folly wander.
Give me the Holy Ghoſt,
Grant an all-conquering truſt,
And if my footing ſlide,
Then, Lord, be at my ſide!

O God! forſake me not!
In danger and in trial,
Stand Thou to ſtrengthen me,
Amid the world's denial.
When fierce temptations near,
And courage turns to fear,
Do all that Thou haſt willed,
But ne'er forſake Thy child!

Tr. 1882.

GOD'S FIDELITY.

"Gott ist und bleibt getreu."
JOHANN CHRISTERN WILHELMI.

GOD is forever true!
His loving changes never.
Tho oft and deep thy heart
Beneath His hand may quiver;
He makes thee to endure,
That faith may be more pure,
And patience ſtedfaſt grow.
Thy God is ever true.

God is forever true!
Tho grievously it pain thee,—
The thorn His wiſdom leaves,
His ſtrength will ſtill ſuſtain thee.
His diſcipline is good,
And all His Fatherhood
Thou yet ſhalt fully know.
Thy God is ever true.

God is forever true!
The bondage of thy grieving
He will not overdo:
But haſte to thy relieving.

He shakes thy prison door,
And brings thee forth once more,
And makes thee still to show
That God is ever true.

God is forever true!
He comes to end thy mourning.
Behind the night of woe
His star of peace is burning.
The winds shall, at His word,
Cleanse every stormy cloud.
O Soul, take comfort now!
Thy God is ever true.

Tr. 1882.

PRAISE.

"Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König."

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1679.

PRAISE to the Lord, the Omnipotent King of Creation!
Join ye the choral of Heaven, O great congregation.
My soul! partake.
Jubilant psalmody wake.
Pour forth thy glad invocation!

Praise to the Lord! He is reigning o'er all in His splendor:
Yet as on eagle-wing beareth thee upward so tender!
He hath decreed
Bountifully to thy need;
Deeply thy gratitude render.

Praise to the Lord! who in wonderful beauty hath made thee,
Healed thee, and guided thee,—never neglected to aid thee.
In bitter pain,
Over and over again,
God, 'neath His covert, hath stayed thee.

Praiſe to the Lord! To that Name Alleluia forever!
Sing, all ye people, the Holy One ſtrong to deliver!
He is your Light!
Never forget ye His right.
Amen! forever and ever.

Tr. 1882.

Angels and archangels! shouts of redemption we're blending
With your high muſic, as up to your ranks we're ascending!
Onward we go,
Conquerors o'er the last foe,
Swelling a chorus unending.

1880.

THE UNVARYING.

"Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht singen."

PAUL GERHARDT, 1656.

SHOULD I not, in meek adoring,
Thank my gracious God above,
Whom I ſee on all things pouring
Forth the ſunshine of His love?
For 't is naught but Love's own loving,
In His conſtant heart, doth care
Endleſſly to love and bear
Thoſe their love, in ſervice, proving.
All things last their portioned day,—
God's love to Eternity.

O'er her young the eagle hovers,
Spreading wide her wings' defenſe;
So, each day, my ſoul God covers
Under His omnipotence.
Out of naught began my living,
When the mighty Father bade,
And the life that then He made
Still hath shared His changeleſs giving.
All things last their portioned day,—
God's love to Eternity.

All-compaſſionate, the Father
For us gave His dear Firſtborn,
In that Life-gift aye to gather
Home the orphaned and forlorn.
O Thou vast immeaſured Kindneſs!
Deep unfathomable Sea!
Who can bound Thy myſtery?
Human wisdom owns her blindneſs.
All things last their portioned day,—
God's love to Eternity.

Tr. 1882.

INAUDIBLE ECHOES.

REST on the oars, and call! Acroſs the water,
Eight times, from far and further, magic anſwers
Call back and back, in clear diminuendo,
As if were thrilled the throats of ſome great organ,
Bourdon and diapason, flute and hautboy,
Each chiming rank obedient to one preſſure,
One throbbing heart and every pulſe reſponding.
The weird reverberation flatters ſoftly
One's quick conceit, to fancy, for an inſtant,
That granite hills and terraced wilderneſſes
Make him their centre. Such are life's ſucceſſes
That ſense gets echo of. For as theſe ſweetest
Returning peals are not the firſt nor loudest,
But gain in music while the ear awaits them,
Till liſtening for that juſt beyond the laſt one;
So, richest antiphons of word and doing
Are inarticulate, and, unreplying,
Tide on acroſs an unconfined horizon.
Each cadence here reflects its ſelf-ſame accent,
Queſtion is ever anſwering by queſtion.
All is reſtored again; for naught is cherished,—
With toſſing back our words the echo ceaſes.
Nothing it tells of other ſilenced voices,
And will not ſpeak of ours to them that follow.

Echo is interruption, ſilence—motion.
The haſty ſickle gives a ſcanty garner:
The precious fruit muſt come by patient waiting.
The napkin rots that hides too cautious treasure;
Spend and be ſpent and loſe thy life to find it!
The wider world provokes the nobler voyage.
Better unfathomed sky than shallow mirror.
The praiſe of the terreſtrial is one,
The peace of the celeſtial is another.
Things heard are temporal,—unheard eternal!
God's ſpace is full of life-waves unimpeded,
Where better voice than ſound bears on the rhythm,
In floods that beat in tremulous harmonics
To Heaven's gates. There, high above the hill-tops,
Our raptured ſouls the harmony shall hear
Of overtones too fine for mortal ear.

Jerſeyfield Lake, N. Y., June, 1882.

THE PARACLETE.

O THOU final Revelation
Of the perfect Trinity,
Hear my needy supplication,—
Help with love's infinity.
Fill me with Thy vital current,—
Pledge of Jesus' risen oath!
By that dear Redeemer's warrant,
Trust I Thee to keep His troth.

Move my soul with godly sorrow
For Thy grieving o'er and o'er.
Fit me for a different morrow,
Let me never vex Thee more.
Change my frowardness and folly,
Hold me to the heavenly road.
Lead me, O Thou Spirit Holy!
I would be a child of God.

Give me for these ashes beauty,
Turn my heaviness to praise.
Gird me for each daily duty,
Calm and hallow all my ways.
Quench the fiery darts of Satan,
Plead my cause and bear my part.
Speak to faith, when fears dishearten,
"God is greater than thy heart."

Power Moſt High! Brood Thou above me,
End confuſion with Thy light.
Search and chaſten, purge and prove me,
Sure that all Thou doſt is right.
Bid me grow in grace and knowledge,
Re-created from above.
Make me bear, with patient courage,
Fruits of joy, of peace, of love.

All-controlling, all-enfolding,
Ever-preſent Paraclete,
Thou haſt, all my want beholding,
Guided me to Jesus' feet.
Make a burdened world to hear it,
Teſtify the changeleſs word;
Save by Thee, Thou Holy Spirit,
None can call the Saviour, "Lord."

He, when enmity defiled me,
Ended by His death, my ſtrife;
Much more, now He's reconciled me,
Shall He ſave me by His life!
Full-delivered from all evil,
Unto glorious liberty,
Victor over doom and Devil,
I, at laſt, the Christ shall ſee!

But amid that adoration,—
Bride and Bridegroom face to face,—
When the day of coronation
Dawns, with shoutings to His grace,
When salvation's song is swelling,
Thro the age-long heavenly rest,
Still my heart shall be Thy dwelling,
Unseen and eternal Guest!

1882,

FATHERDOM.

O THOU! Eternal, Changeleſs, Infinite!
Firſt, Laſt and Only,—filling all in all,
Hiding Thy glory in th' abyſs of light,
Majeſtic in Thy mercy as Thy might,
My God! with perfect truſt Thy name I call.

I dare, unfrightened, lift mine eyes above;
Within Thy houſe, my Father! can I fear?
My heart's deep anſwer needeth not to prove
The pulſes of Thine omnipreſent love;—
My ſpirit's cry Thy Spirit bends to hear.

Thou, who the number of the ſtars doſt tell,
Bow, Lord, to order all my deſtiny!
As ſeeing Thee, who art inviſible,
Let me amid theſe awful grandeurs dwell,
Forever Thine obedient child to be.

1882.

THE HEM OF HIS ROBE.

"These are but the outskirts of His ways, and how small a whisper do we hear of Him." Job., 26; 14.

I BLESS Thy beauties, Lord, that bloom
About mine earthly path,
Denying gloom,
Each twice-aglow, like dawn's first ray,
For prophecy it hath
Of perfect day.

The matin music, filling skies
Of May and rapturous June,
Saith,—'Soul, arise!
Thy summer-light shall never dim,
And voice of thine shall tune
A better hymn.'

For Thy love, Lord, is nature glad,
Gemmed at Thy kingly cost,
At Thine hand clad,
And wears, by grace, the peace she smiled
Ere Paradise was lost,
Or man beguiled.

Open mine eyes, that I may ſee,
Creation's clue thus given,
In all things—Thee!
Aſſure me that theſe glories wide
But shadows are of Heaven,
And underſide.

So may I tread my happy road,
Touching, the while I fare,
Thy skirts, my God!
Then ſtill with Thee, take morning's wing,
On thro the upper air
To ſoar and ſing.

1882.

COLUMBIA.

WE lift our hearty cry
To Thee, O Lord, on high,
For our dear land.
No other king have we;
Thou muſt our Refuge be!
Uphold our liberty!
Stretch forth Thine hand!
Tho envy mock,
We are Thy flock.
God ſave America!—be Thou her Rock!

Plead Thou the righteous cauſe,
Write Thou the nation's laws,
Our peace maintain.
Oh! make us wiſe and good,
In holy gratitude,
And happy brotherhood,
Beneath Thy reign!
From Sea to Sea,
In Chriſt made free,
God ſave America her unity!

Lord, break oppreſſion's rod!
Proclaim the truce of God
To all mankind!
If Thou our borders bleſs,
Save us from ſelfiſhneſs,
To bear the world's diſtreſs,
And ſhare Thy mind.
Oh, condeſcend!
Be Thou our Friend!
God ſave America, till time ſhall end!

1883.

THE MORNING STAR.

"Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern."
PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1598.

HOW brightly glows the Morning Star,
With God's full grace and truth afar,
Our day's irradiant bloſſom!
O tender Shepherd, David's Son,
My King, the heavenly throne upon,
Thou shineſt in my bosom,—
Precious, gracious,
Light-reſplendent, all-tranſcendent,
Boundleſs Giver,
High and wonderful forever!

O Gem! with which no gem can vie,
God's Son! beyond all praiſes high,
Our Father's dear Bestowal,
My ſoul diſſolves in ecſtaſies,
My life Thy ſweet evangel is,—
My being's whole avowal!
Thy word, my Lord,
Will I ever keep, and never,
Never, loſe Thee.
Life-Bread! not in vain I chooſe Thee.

Shed in mine inmost heart abroad,
Thou heavenly Ray! Thou Light of God!
Thy love's illumination.
That I may evermore remain
Thy Body's member, Lord, ordain
My very heart's pulsation!
No rest my breast
Can discover, heavenly Lover!
Till it claimeth
Thee, whose love my love enflameth.

From God there falls the light of peace,
When full on me Thy holy face
Is turned in benediction.
O Jesus, Lord, my dearest good!
Thy word, Thy Spirit, life and blood,
Uplift me from affliction.
Hold me, fold me
'Neath Thy kind arm, ne'er to find harm
In Thee hiding!
Lord, I come, Thy word abiding.

My Father, God and Champion!
Or ere creation was begun,
Thou didſt, in Jesus, love me.
Thy Son did me to Him betroth;
With thankful heart I bleſs that oath;
From Him can nothing move me.
Thy wealth my health!
Life from Heaven He hath given;
Here and yonder,
Ever will I praiſe and wonder.

Strike, to our God, the ſounding ſtring!
With joy our ſweeteſt choral bring,
A world of gladneſs voicing!
I 'll go with my dear Lord, to-day,
To-morrow, to Eternity,
In ſteadfaſt love rejoicing.
Singing, ringing,
Jubilation, adoration!
Laud the ſtory,—
He, the Chriſt, is King of Glory!

Lord Jesus! how I hail Thy name!
The Firſt and Laſt and ſtill the ſame,
The End as the Beginning.
Thou, who with life atoned my price,
Shalt take me to Thy Paradise,
Thy piercèd hand-claſp winning.
Yea, Lord; aye, Lord;
Come to meet me, rapt to greet Thee.
Sound the warning
Soon, of love's eternal morning!

Tr. 1883.

THE WONDER.

WONDERFUL love hath God the Father shown,
Forth ſending the Belovèd from His breaſt and throne,
That Life! beſtowed to lighten realms unknown,—
Wonderful love!

Wonderful love hath come with Chriſt the King,
His one true Iſrael from their ſin and doom to bring,
And bid a loſt and wayworn world to ſing—
Wonderful love!

Wonderful love of God the Holy Ghoſt,
So long to plead with pride and bear with folly's boaſt,
And grace to urge that ſeeketh leaſt as moſt,—
Wonderful love!

Wonderful love! and yet the half ne'er told,
Until we wake our God's full beauty to behold!
And ever, while th' immortal years unfold,
Wonder and love!

1883.

THE CORNERSTONE.

OUR God and our Redeemer,
Accept the houſe we build,
And let it with Thy bleſſing,
While e'er it ſtands, be filled.
From corner up to capſtone,
Provide, direct, ſuſtain;
That ſo, Thou Heavenly Builder,
We labor not in vain.

Here, Lord, receive the praises
To Thine Incarnate Truth,
Of old men and of children,
Of maiden and of youth.
Amid Thy happy worship,
Let care and doubting cease,
Beſtow Thy royal plenty,
And in this place give peace.

Let lonelineſs and ſorrow,
The ſtranger and the poor,
Find here, forever open,
Thy great effectual door.

Fetch home again Thy banished,
O King! and give to them
Who thirſt for childhood's waters,
The well of Bethlehem.

Here let Thy Spirit hover
In Pentecoſtal flame.
Make beautiful these gateways,
In Chriſt of Nazareth's name!
Till He shall come, to gather
The Church of the Firſt-born,
And all the bells of glory
Ring in the Bridal morn!

1883.

THE EFFECTUAL DOOR.

O GOD, Thy judgments give the King, Thy Son!
Now let the handful's harveſt shake like Leb-
anon;
Lead forth Thy ſcattered flock, and make them one;
Thy Word abide.

Uplift that Croſs where Love did ſin atone;
The Lord our Righteousneſs, — none other name be
known!
Salvation's anthem ſwell from every zone,
One joyful tide!

To Him the gathering of the people be,
From height and valley, wilderneſs and utmoſt ſea,
All nations bow before His ſovereignty,
For man who died.

Thy years, Thou King of Ages, shall not fail.
The Lion of the tribe of Judah shall prevail,
And they that pierce His love shall ſee and wail
The Crucified!

Thou art a King! Oh, let Thy Kingdom come!
Before Thy ſceptre all Thine enemies be dumb!
Throw wide the gates of Thy Millenium,
And claim Thy Bride!

Rebuke for us the foe that would devour!
Reveal the radiant hidings in Thine hand of power;
Robe the King's daughter with her glorious dower,
At Thy dear ſide.

Ye foreſts, ſing! Ye oceans, clap your hands!
Like mountains round Jeruſalem her Saviour ſtands.
Amen and Amen! Triumph, all ye lands,
Afar and wide!
1883.

ALTARWARD.

SOUL, art thou tired of endeavor
And discipline?
Sad wondering if thy cross will ever
Its crowning win?
Does e'er thy going seem unguided,
Thy wayfare long?
Are thy God's providences chided,
As they were wrong?
Do glooms that may be felt brood o'er thee?
Is the path rough?
Thy Master's footmarks are before thee,—
That is enough!
Go thou thy way until the end be,
Stand in thy lot,
Still bend thy will whate'er He send thee,
And murmur not.
Honor thy work, nor covet neighbor,
Nor vaunt, nor fret;
Who sets thy task thy loving labor
Will not forget.
The humblest part need never falter
Beneath His eye.
The lowliest gift the holy Altar
Will sanctify.
Who fashioned us, each use can measure
And place us where

The earthen veſſel ſhall the treaſure
Of Heaven bear.
Make thou His ſtatutes ſongs, and duty
Thy joy ſhall be;
So ſhall the King deſire thy beauty
Of loyalty.
His plan, like hills that compaſs Zion,
Naught ſhall displace;
Nor fruſtrate, more than looſe Orion,
His tender grace.
To eat with thee the paſchal ſupper,
Thy Lord would come;
So make thy ready heart an upper
And furnished room.
Do what He ſaith, O ſon, O daughter,
He will divine
Thine inſtant want, and change the water
To the beſt wine.
Thy ſins are ſeventy times ſeven?
He will forgive,
Caſt out the old unhallowed leaven,
And in thee live.
For thee ſhall Iſrael's horsemen harneſs
Their chariot,
And tho the ſeven-times heated furnace
Blaze ne'er so hot,

Thy Saviour ('t is a faithful saying!)
Shall bear thee thence.
Or with thee bleſs thine undismaying
Obedience.
Hold that thou haſt and ſerve Him truly
A little more;
The Judge, who only rendereth duly,
Is at the door.
No truſtful one is e'er forſaken;
He will redeem
His promises, and thou shalt waken
As from a dream.
Soon thou shalt have the happy guerdon
Of evil years,—
Be glad according to thy burden,—
Joy for thy tears.
What God doth thou shalt know hereafter,—
Thy gleaning bring,
And then thy mouth be filled with laughter
And thy tongue ſing!
Then all the days of toil and trial
Peace will requite.
No shadow falleth on the dial,
Beneath that Light!
For He, who in their number telleth
The ſtarry rounds,—

'T is He the broken-hearted healeth,
And binds their wounds.
His palm shall leave no grieving traces,
Upon their eyes;
Their lifetime's Love, with glowing faces,
They recognize.
'T is only till that haſtening morrow
Thine heart can ache;
Pour faith's ſweet sky-ſong thro thy ſorrow,—
The day shall break!
A day of glad transfiguration,
No change can dim;
Hope in the Lord! thine expectation
Is all from Him.
Forget thy former, lack and falling,
Stretch forth, my ſoul!
Preſs toward the prize of the high calling!
On, to thy goal!
Thy God will own thy full oblation,
Bend from His throne,
And crown thee with His ſalutation,
"My child, well done!"

1883.

"THE UNKNOWN GOD."

Ἀγνώστῳ Θεῷ, ὃν ἀγνοοῦντες εὐσεβεῖτε.

THEY tell me that I muſt no longer pray,
That ſupplication is impertinence,
And be bereft of ſcientific ſenſe,
Who thinks to move eternal Law's array!
A Saviour? They have taken Him away,—
I know not where. Orphaned and all alone
I cry: but God is frozen to His throne,
Too great to liſten to my poor diſmay,
Serene, vaſt, inacceſſible, unknown!
All-wiſe, all-ſtrong He is: but never feels
The pangs of men who writhe and wrench and moan,
Craunched in the cogs of order's changeleſs wheels.
I turn aghaſt from life, where all is death,—
MERCY—lie noiſomer than charnel's breath!

II.

But as I totter forth, amid the dews
Of night and grief that preſently muſt ſcorch
Of the hot Sun, (already at the porch
Of the long day my ſteps may not refuſe)
There ſtandeth Some One, who mine anguiſh woos,
With ſuch a tone as if a heart did ſpeak!
And ſaith, "Why doſt thou ſob? Whom doſt thou ſeek?"

Whereat I turn, importunate for news
Of Him I loved, whom they have crucified
Afresh and buried twice. Clear, kind and ſtrong,
The voice ſaith "CHILD!" and my ſoul's very tongue
Saith back "RABBONI!" Thou art at my ſide!
Thy God is my God! Pray I while I live!
With Thee ſhall God not all things freely give?

III.

This is the condemnation, that the Light
Is lit, and truant wills prefer eclipſe,
Rather than own that great Apocalypſe!
Yea, by the very Day, preſume to cite
God's works againſt God, reaching up to write
UNKNOWN on rainbow, to renounce for Fate
That Life with which all life doth palpitate!
So doth the purpoſe its bad ſelf indict,
Not God. Men have not found the ſeven green withes
To bind the Word that taught in Galilee!
No hate can turn that Croſs and grave to myths,
Nor foil God's pre-eſtabliſhed harmony
Of love and law. Ah, blinded guides, refrain
Longer to take the name of Truth in vain!

IV.

The tenuous logic-ſpinnings ſnap, like flax,
Thruſt in the flame of conſcience' argument,
As ſhe confeſſes Him whom God hath ſent,—
Incarnate Grace! laſt anſwer to attacks
Of captious enemies, who turn their backs
On birthright! By the Chriſt of Nazareth,
The heart of man and heart of God are kith!
Sowing and sheaf, dawn, ſtarshine, moons that wax
And wane, Ocean's inceſſant pulſe, the ebb
And flow of changeleſs change,—I bow, I kneel;
There ſits a Weaver at this ſplendid web!
Who formed my heart, shall He not alſo feel?
Empty broad noon of light, then hope of Him.
Whoſe preſence doth Creation's chalice brim!

V.

Who waits for better ſign of Sun, than morn?
Or plies the teleſcope beneath cloſed roof,
Blaming the ſtars that they withhold their proof?
What callous tact,—what deaf, shortſighted ſcorn
Can find out God? And what inverted lens
The conſtellations of the heart e'er kens,
Ablaze with Him who aye keeps faith untorn?

HE wears, who heard and waked and curbed the ſea,
This ſeamleſs robe, that covers, not conceals.
His hand ſuſtains and ſteers this enginery.
His loving Spirit throbs amid these wheels.
And He ſaid—"If thou canſt! ASK and receive;
All things can be to him that will believe."

VI.

Who will not crave God's grace can never ſee!
Who will not ſtretch the withered hand, muſt ſtill,
By his refuſal, wait incapable!
Unfaith's deep retribution aye muſt be
To give deluſion ſtrong credulity!
All God-forſaken were this universe,
With no right of petition! Life a curſe,
With praying ſtifled! (Never unbowed knee
Hath found it other!) Laws, ingenious traps!
Earth one huge Golgotha,—one yawning grave!
Were there no antidote for ſin's mishaps,
No Eye to pity, and no Arm to ſave!
The heart knows better, and darts up its cry
To the great Fatherheart enthroned on high!

VII.

Poor bird, no longer wander from thy neſt!
By all which thankful memory doth hoard,
God hath, for them that ſeek Him, ſure reward.
Straightway return, ſad foul, unto thy reſt!
Pluck Doubting's dungeon-key from out thy breaſt!
Exceeding great and precious promiſes,
Againſt life's ills and death's cataſtrophes,
Are thine!—What wilt thou? What is thy requeſt?
Back to its ſelf-invented premise crush the lie,
That ſummoned thee to Law's idolatry!
Strain not too far to hear;—the word is nigh,—
"Lo! always, to the end, I am with thee."
Lord, that I e'er could queſtion is my grief!
Chriſt, I believe! Help Thou mine unbelief!

1883.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.

A TOWER of Refuge is our God!
A goodly ward and weapon.
He 'll help us free, tho force or fraud
To us may now mishappen.
That old Arch-enemy
Would our undoing be;
Groſs might and vaſt device
His dreadful armor is.
On Earth can none withſtand him.

By our might could we do no more
Than vainly to have ſtriven:
But for us the right Man will war,
Whom God Himſelf hath given.
Doſt ask, who this can be?
Chriſt Jesus! It is HE!
The Lord of Sabaoth,
None other God, in troth.
The field He holds forever.

For tho the world with demons ſwarmed,
All minded to devour us,
Not greatly were our ſouls alarmed;
They cannot overpower us.
This world's dark Prince may ſtill
Lour ſullen as he will;
For he can harm us naught.
'T is paſt. His doom is wrought.
One word can bring his downfall!

That Word, for all they do, shall ſtand,
No thank to them that jeer it!
Yea, on the plain He 's at our hand,
By His own Gift and Spirit.
And should they take our life,
Fame, fortune, child and wife,—
Let them all this begin:
But nothing can they win,
And God gives us the kingdom.

Tr. 1883.

PSALM LXXX.

O THOU Shepherd of Thine Israel, hear us!
Thou that Joſeph like a flock doſt lead,
From the cherubim shine forth and cheer us,
Stir Thy ſtrength and come to help our need.

Wilt Thou hear Thy people's prayer with anger,—
Meaſure them the bread and drink of tears?
Viſit ſtrife and ſcorn upon our languor,—
Grant no more the grace of other years?

Shall the goodly vine that Thou didſt cherish,
Once that grew and shaded all the hills,
Break and waſte and fall and burn and perish,
While her ruin Thy rebuke fulfills?

Turn us, Lord, again! In mercy, hearken.
All our waywardneſs and shame forgive!
Leave us not unſought, while shadows darken:
Cauſe Thy face to shine, and we shall live.

Look from Heaven, O God, when ſorrows thicken,
By Thine hand once more our ſtrength maintain;
We will call Thy name, if Thou but quicken,
We will never leave Thy love again.

1883.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA!

THOMAS DE CELANO, A. D. 1250.

O THAT DAY! that day of wrath!
When this Earth the fire shall ſcath,
David ſo with Sybil hath.

What alarm there is to be,
When the Judge is come, to ſee
All with ſtricteſt ſcrutiny.

Sounds the trumpet's awful blare
'Mong the buried everywhere,
Bids all at the throne appear.

Death and Nature ſhall appall,
When upriſe the creatures all,
Anſwering the judgment call.

Now the volume is explained,
Wherein all things are contained
Whence this world ſhall be arraigned.

Sits the Holy Magiſtrate,
All diſcloſing, ſmall and great.
Nothing unavenged ſhall wait.

What shall I, a wretch, reply?
To what Mediator cry,
When the juſt ſcarce lift the eye.

King of majeſty untold,
Who of grace the ſaved doſt hold,
Source of mercy, me enfold!

Chriſt, in pity think, I pray,
'T was I cauſed Thine earthly way;
Doom me not upon that day.

Seeking me, Thou ſat'dſt o'erwrought,
Bore the Croſs my ſoul that bought,
Can ſuch labor be for naught?

O juſt Judge of penalty!
Abſolution grant to me,
Ere that day of ſentence be.

God! my ill deſert I know,
Guilty blushes dye my brow;
Mercy to Thy ſuppliant show.

Thou didſt Mary's ſorrow cheer,
Thou the robber's prayer didſt hear,
Thou to hope haſt changed my fear.

All my pleas no worth can claim:
But, Thou Good One, hide my shame,
Thruſt me not in endleſs flame!

Mid Thy sheep my place command,
Not among the goats to ſtand:
Give me part at the right hand.

When the doomed accurſt shall be,
Sent to burning miſery,
With the bleſſéd call Thou me.

Suppliant, prone, I urge my prayer,—
Heart abaſed to ashes bear;
Oh, at laſt, make me Thy care!

Oh, that day of piteous cries!
When from duſt he shall ariſe
To be judged, a man undone,—
God! divinely ſpare that one!

Tr. 1883.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA!

In the rhythm of the Latin.

DAY OF WRATH, THAT DAY impending!
All the world in ashes ending;
Told by Pſalm with Sybil blending.

What ſhall be the ſwift dismaying,
When the Judge, no more delaying,
Comes! all things with ſtrictneſs weighing.

Shrill the trumpet blaſts awaken,
Now the world-wide graves are shaken,
All before the throne are taken.

Lo, Death's—Nature's conſternation!
While upriſeth the Creation,
Biding each his judgment ſtation.

Opened is the ſolemn writing,
Wherein, everything reciting,
Earth shall meet her laſt indicting.

When the Judge is therefore ſeated,
What was hid shall be repeated,
No due vengeance go unmeted.

How shall I make ſupplication,—
Whom implore for mediation,
When the juſt ſcarce have ſalvation?

King of might that ne'er can waver,
Who doſt ſave the ſaved of favor,
Save Thou me, O Mercy-Laver!

Reckon, Jesus, with compaſſion,—
Found for me in mortal faſhion.
Give me not, that day, perdition!

Seeking me, Thou tired waſt ſeated,—
Crucifixion's ranſom greeted;
Such toil may not be defeated!

O Thou Judge of juſt deciſion,
Grant the gift of Thy remiſſion
Ere that day of inquiſition!

As a criminal appealing,
Guilt my face with crimſon ſealing,
Spare me, God, a ſuppliant kneeling.

Thou who Mary's grief regarded,
Nor the robber's cry discarded,
Even my hope hast rewarded.

Worthless these my prayers ascending:
But, Thou Good One, kindly bending,
Pluck me from the fire unending!

With Thy flock let place await me.
From the goat-herd separate me.
With the right-hand part instate me!

While the lost have malediction,
Driven to the flames' infliction,
Call me 'neath Thy benediction!

Pray I still, tho shame abashes
All my contrite heart to ashes;
Care for me when doomday crashes!

Oh, that day of bitter weeping,
When from dust awake the sleeping!
Man adjudged and past entreaty;
Wherefore, Lord, grant that one pity!

Tr. 1883.

THAT GREAT DAY.

First five stanzas based upon the preceding translations.

THAT great day of the Lord draws nigh,
With wrath and desolation,
When swift shall break the bitter cry,
Thro all Earth's habitation,
A day of trouble, cloud and gloom,
Of trumpet blast and rending tomb,—
The judgment of Creation.

The world-wide millions, quick and dead
Now meet the last arraigning.
The open volume wide is spread,
All things of time containing.
Before that Holy Magistrate
Stand manifested small and great,
Naught unadjudged remaining.

Ah! what shall I, a wretch, reply?
Whom sue for mediation,—
While e'en the just for mercy cry,
And all is lamentation?
O King of boundless majesty,
Heed, pity, rescue, pardon me,
Thou Fountain of Salvation!

Remember all Thy mortal woe,
Thou Judge of juſt deciſion,—
The Croſs that Thou didſt undergo,
O Chriſt, to give remiſſion;
For I that holy ranſom claim;
Abſolve my ſins by Thy great name,
And pluck me from perdition!

Unworthy is my very prayer,—
A criminal appealing:
But, Thou Good One, benignly ſpare
A guilty ſuppliant kneeling!
Thou Mary's grief didſt well regard,
Nor didſt the robber's cry discard;—
My contrite ſoul give healing!

So lift we up our hearts, O Lord;—
Redemption's day is nearing.
We hide in Thee, we truſt Thy word,
We wait for Thine appearing,—
With boldneſs face Eternity;
Becauſe as Thou art, ſo are we;—
Thy love hath caſt out fearing!

1883.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

ONCE, in Galilee, a lowly
Maiden did dwell.
Came to her a meſſage holy,
By Gabriel.
This the word the Seraph gave her,
"Hail! thy Lord doth show thee favor:"
But her troubled heart did quaver,
What this might tell.

Spake th' archangel, "Fear not, Mary;
Thou haſt found grace.
Thou the Babe of God shalt carry;
Uplift thy face.
The Moſt High, with thy life blending,
Forth His own Meſſiah ſending,
Heir of Kingdom never ending,
Shall bleſs thy race."

Said the Virgin, "God hath ſpoken
In myſtery:
But according to thy token
Be it to me."
So, by power the Holy Spirit's,
Came the Chriſt-child's royal merits,
So that maiden's faith inherits
Earth's high degree.

1883.

BARTHOLDI'S "LIBERTY."

NEW YORK EISTEDDFOD, FEBRUARY 22, 1884.

SISTER REPUBLIC, beautiful France!
Grateful the greeting we anſwer thee.
Aye let thy conſtant love enhance
The gift of thy noble courteſy.
At the continent's gate,
At the ocean's edge,
Place we thy pledge,
Ever to wait,
In thy name to meet,
And to greet
With BENEDICITE!
With hope's felicity,
Peoples that pour
Thro the open door.

While these twin currents run,
The land of Waſhington
Shall reckon loving debt
To the land of Lafayette.
Hand unto hand,
Friend unto friend,
While the rivers blend,
Let our compact ſtand.

Up! Lift it high!
Far toward the sky!
Stand, and abide,
With thy glowing torch,
At the nation's porch,
While each new tide
Kiſſes the hem of thy robe
With meſſage from o'er the globe,
While all the winds, that ſing
At thy forehead, errands bring
Of broadeſt amity
From France, the fair and free.

Fronting the ſea and the dawn,
Stand! With thine iron brawn
Thy blazing creſſet lift
High over ſtorm and drift.
Firm as thy rocky base,
Clear as thy sky-lit face,
Swear! by God's throne,
And Him thereon,
By the Liberty and the Light
That we boaſt,
That His is the right
And the might!

Stand at our coaſt
To beacon,
To beckon,
Piloting the throng,
Telling weak and ſtrong,
"Liberty greets you!
Freedom meets you!
But liberty under law,
Freedom, with holy awe
Of Him who alone makes free,
Whoſe truth is liberty."
So let our enſign be unfurled,
In the name of the Lord,
To the ſwelling horde
A-climbing over the ridge of the world.

Back, ye outworn ſpites and hates!
Leave unmarred theſe peaceful gates,
Leave behind the ſtorm-set skies;
Welcome happier centuries.
Underneath this tent of ſtars
End the unfraternal wars.
Here, to heal a world's diſtreſs,
Peace ſhall wed with righteouſneſs.
Orient and Occident
Crown this ark of covenant.

Liberty that we applaud
Is the beniſon of God.
Better far is that defenſe
Than all iron armaments.
Let the ſtatue symbol be,
Not a bare idolatry!

So we hail you, from afar,
To this laſt great theatre.
Here, for aye to demonſtrate
That the people is the ſtate;
That self-government is worth
Not to perish from the Earth.

Who firſt the deep foundation quarried out
Shall bring the topſtone forth, mid myriad shout!
What God hath wrought naught shall undo nor minish;
'T is He began, and it is He shall finish.
Therefore, O Liberty, hold forth thy light,
And His be mercy, majesty and might!
Flash thy bright lantern all the waters o'er,
And point mankind to harbor evermore!

1884.

CONSTANCY.

FOR that ye, young men, are ſtrong,
Lift the banner of God's Son.
Make His mighty word your ſong,
Overcome the Evil One.

Ye are all the ſons of light!
Conſecrate the powers of youth;
Loyal to your Maker's right,
War the warfare of the truth.

Suffer hardship. Fear no fear.
Courage! Quit you manfully.
Heedful that your Lord is near,
Keep His law of liberty.

Ye His ſoldiers are enrolled!
Unto blood reſiſting ſin,
Disentangled, ſelf-controlled,
Love His power and diſcipline.

Shout the shouting of the King!
Turn the aliens! Battle-scarred,
Thro the gates, with honor, bring
That committed you to guard.

1884.

PASCHA.

LO! where that spotleſs Lamb, for ſin provided,
Thorned, bruiſed, abandoned, tortured and derided,
Pours out His soul for human ranſom yonder,
While angels wonder!

Jeſus, what woe Thy love for us hath won Thee!
For God hath laid our chaſtisement upon Thee,
From our deep guilt Thy death its anguish borrows,—
Thou Man of Sorrows!

Crucified Saviour, by Thy mortal paſſion,
By the dark travail that hath wrought ſalvation,
Hear, Lord, a ſinner, all his shame deploring,
Thy grace adoring!

Chriſt, I have wronged Thee! Penitent, heart-broken,
Juſtly condemned:—yet be Thy mercy ſpoken!
O Prince of Life, let this Thy ſtrange enthronement
Be mine atonement!

Glories undimmed are Thine, Thou King of Ages,
Whoſe name Thy Church in thankful hymns engages.
To God, thro Thee, in conſtant ſacrifices,
Her praiſe upriſes!

1884.

UNITAS FRATRUM.

UNITE them all one cauſe to make,
O God, who Chriſt confeſs;
On new horizons then ſhall break
The Sun of Righteouſneſs!

The Goſpel hath for him no ban
Who doth the Saviour's word.
Who loveth God and ſerveth man
Is one with Chriſt his Lord.

For this to Him our knees we bow
And pray Thy kingdom come,
From whom in Heaven and Earth below,
Is named one Fatherdom;

That thro His Spirit's inward might,
He richly would impart
That Chriſt may dwell, of only right,
Thro faith, in every heart;

That we filled full with God's own ſtrength,
With all the ſaints, may prove
The breadth and height and depth and length
Of all-ſurpaſſing love.

1884.

DONEC DIES.

COURAGE, doubting heart, be braver!
All God's angels are thy league,
If thou hold faſt hope, nor waver,
Thou ſhalt baffle Hell's intrigue.
As a ſon thy faults chaſtiſing,
With His baptiſm thee baptizing,
By His name, the victor Chriſt
Bids thee all thy foes reſiſt.

Ne'er let Satan's taunt deter thee,
That thou art imperfect yet.
Grieve not for the paſt unworthy:
Things which are behind forget.
Clouds of witneſſes are o'er thee;
Stretching forth to things before thee,
Onward, upward preſs, my ſoul,
Thou ſhalt touch the bleſſèd goal.

He who ſought and found and won thee,
His bright presence ſtill hath lent;
That His power may reſt upon thee,
Make thy ſtrife a ſacrament.
God thro life ſhall be thy warden,
Thro the ſwellings of the Jordan,
Ending ſoon faith's laſt eclipſe
In Love's great apocalypſe.

1884.

REQUIEM.

TRANQUILLY, ſlowly,
Solemnly, lowly,
Bring the precious earth that ſleep hath kiſt.
Soul to its Maker,
Duſt to God's acre,
Quiet biding reſurrection tryſt.

With eyes bedimming,
Requiems hymning,
Smite we muſic from theſe broken chords:
Yet ſmile in grieving,
Calmly believing,
Tho we live or die we are the Lord's.

The form is buried:
But angels ſerried
Bear up ſafe the ſpirit homeward called.
High o'er theſe dirges
Heaven's anthem ſurges,
Praiſing God one more is diſenthralled.

Glad transformation!
Perfect ſalvation,
Mortal ſhadows merged in glowing day.
Heart no more weary,
Anſwered each query;
All the former things are paſt away.

Lambs He doth cherish
Never ſhall periſh,
Naught can pluck them from the Saviour's hand;
Love efficacious,
Tenderly gracious,
Still ſhall lead them in that holy land.

Looſed Earth's laſt fetter!
Sure 't is far better
To depart and be for aye with Chriſt.
So come, Lord Jeſus,
Soon to releaſe us,
Join us with the ſouls emparadiſed!

1884.

THE RESURRECTION.

WHILE all the night-ſtars fade and wane,
And early dawn is breaking,
With life-pangs death could not reſtrain
The joyful Earth is quaking.
In dew of youth, from morning's womb,
All-beauteous from that holy tomb,
The Royal One is waking.

Behold, the ſtone is rolled away!
While eaſtern skies are glowing.
At laſt is come the firſt Lord's day,
Immortal light beſtowing.
By dazzled guard and open door,
God's Son, alive forevermore,
The path of life is showing.

In ſnowy raiment angels twain
Their radiant watch are keeping,
While they who loved are drawn again
Where laſt they left Him ſleeping.
But, lo, what news of joy and fear,—
"Your Lord is ris'n, He is not here."—
Forever ends their weeping!

With happy haſte they tread the ſward,
The wondrous charge repeating.
"All hail!" ſaith One. It is the Lord!—
Himſelf their rapture greeting.
They claſp His feet. They doubt no more.
'T is Jeſus whom their souls adore,
Their faith, in ſight, completing.

Peal forth the high victorious psalm,
With shouts of joy unbounded!
The ſong of Moſes and the Lamb
Thro either world be ſounded!
For us the grave shall voided be,
And truſting, Lord, for aye in Thee,
We ne'er shall be confounded.

With triumph ſoon we'll keep the feaſt
That shineth in perfection,
With fear's long lifetime bondage ceaſed,
By Jeſus' ſtrong protection.
Eternal arms are underneath;
We'll share the likeneſs of His death,
And of His reſurrection.

1884.

A CHILD'S MATIN.

NOW the light begins to break,
To Thee, O God, my prayer I make.
Keep me this day from every ill,
Help me to know and do Thy will,
With Jesus' love my spirit fill.

By and by, when, one by one,
These days and nights of Earth are done,
With those I love, redeemed from guile,
May I awake beneath His smile,
Whom I have prayed to all the while.

1884.

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

LATIN OF 9TH CENTURY. THE SIXTH STANZA A LATER INSERTION.

COME, O Creator Spirit, come!
And all these minds of Thine invest.
With grace supernal fill the home
Which Thou hast built in every breast.

Thou, who art called the Paraclete,
The Gift of God most high Thou art,
The Font of life, love's Light and Heat,
And Unction of the inmost heart.

Thou seven-fold Bounty, ever new,
Thou Finger of the hand divine,
Thou Promise of the Father due,
Enriching all our Speech by Thine!

Light Thou a flame in every sense;
Upon our hearts Thy love inflood;
And, for our bodies impotence,
Confirm us with perpetual good.

Further repel the enemy;
Right soon Thy gift of peace begin;
So then, if Thou our Vanguard be,
Safe shall we shun each hateful sin.

Beſtow the full rewards of joy.
The numbers of Thine helps increase.
The bondages of ſtrife deſtroy.
Draw cloſe the covenants of peace.

Thro Thee to know the Father teach,
The knowledge of the Son outpour;
For Thou the Spirit art of each,
And thus believe we evermore.

Be praiſe to Father and to Son
And Holy Paraclete, in One.
So may the Son on us confer
The bleſſings of the Comforter!

Tr. 1884.

THE CHRIST.

"Liebster Immanuel, Herzog du Frommen."
AHASUERUS FRITZSCH, 1668.

DEAREST Immanuel, Prince of the lowly,
Thou my ſoul's confidence, ſoon come to me!
Thou my heart's treaſury takeſt ſo wholly,
All its love ardently flows out to Thee.
Naught that is earthy
Seemeth me worthy,
So I but ever my Jeſus may ſee.

Name ſweet and wonderful,—KING! As I liſten,
Lovely, moſt graciously, as fresh with dew
'Neath the cool morning-tide fields of bloom gliſten,
So falleth Jeſus' name, whom truſt I true.
Thus my heart parteth
From all that ſmarteth,
When in adoring faith my Lord I view.

And if my earthlineſs the croſs appalleth,
That e'en a Saviour's lot it was to share,
If my ſoul earneſtly on Jeſus calleth,
Already can the heart o'er roſes fare.
No ſtorm's wild riot
Shall work diſquiet;
Gladly will I with Chriſt its raging bear.

When Satan's ſtout device fain would devour me,
When tells my conſcience-book of broken laws,
When with her myrmidons Hell would o'erpower me,
When Death's corroding tooth the heart begnaws,
Stand I unfearing,
With Jeſus nearing;—
All of them by His blood Chriſt overawes.

If the world's bittereſt hate overtake me,
Even tho everyone deſpiſeth me,
Tho to bewilderment friends all forſake me,
Still for me Jeſus' love cares heartily,
Wearineſs ſtrengthens,
Hopefulneſs lengthens,
Saith, "I thy helper, thy beſt friend, will be!"

Hence then, ye vanities, leave me forever!
Thou Jeſus, Thou art mine, and I am Thine.
From the world, all for Thee, now will I ſever,
For Thee my voice and heart shall e'er combine.
All of my being
To Thee decreeing,
Till they, one day, this form to death reſign.

Tr. 1884.

THE SHEPHERD.

"Ya, fürwahr, uns führt mit sanfter hand."
FRIED. ADOLPH KRUMMACHER, 1805.

YEA! our Shepherd leads, with gentle hand,
Along this pilgrim-land—
This night-enshadowed wold,
His little flock safe to their fold.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

When His carelings wander in the dark,
This Shepherd true doth mark,
And, of His grace divine,
He bids a friendly star to shine.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Safe He leads us, out from deadly gloom,
To greeneſt meadow-bloom,
To waters flowing free,
Life-welling to eternity.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Down on us His eyes with pity look.
His gentle shepherd-crook
Doth truſt and comfort bring.
Himſelf keeps watch unwearying.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Yea! He is the faithfulleſt and beſt.
Our fold itſelf doth reſt
Within thoſe arms of His,
Whoſe very name Compaſſion is.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Tr. 1884.

AGNUS DEI.

"O Lamm Gottes unschuldig."
NICHOLAS DECIUS, 1523.

O LAMB of God, unspotted,
Whose life that Cross hath taken,
All-calm in grief allotted,
How'er Thou wert forsaken,
All sin Thou hast endured,
Else were no hope assured;
Have mercy upon us, O Jesus!

Thy name the full heart blesses,
That Thou relief so thoro
Hast wrought for our distresses.
Give us a godly sorrow,
That we our sins may vanquish,
Remembering Thine anguish;
Have mercy upon us, O Jesus!

Our confidence embolden
Thro Thy vicarious grieving,
That, steadfastly upholden,
And ne'er Thy presence leaving,
We die at last unshaken,
And safe in Heaven awaken;
Grant unto us Thy peace, O Jesus!

Tr. 1884.

ALLA MARCIA.

QUICKEN, Lord, our pilgrim going,
Mindful of that fatherland,
Whence Thy promiſed light is glowing,—
Where Thy true confeſſors ſtand.
Love's banner before us,
Truth's firmament o'er us,
Such faith Thou haſt granted,
Our hope is undaunted.
Our boaſt is right royal,—
The Godhead Triune!
The land of the loyal
Will welcome us ſoon.

Take, O Chriſt, our full confeſſion!
Thou that city haſt prepared
For the Church's ſure poſſeſſion,
Who Thy wayfare now have ſhared.
Thy pain-path we're wending:
But ſhadows are rending.
We drink of Thy chalice,—
We'll ſtand in Thy palace.
To Thee yield our laurels,
One jubilee blend
In Heaven-wide chorals,
That world without end.

On we preſs with ſteady marches,
Sober vigils, joyful cheers.
Nearer gleam thoſe jewelled arches,
Juſt before are Heaven's frontiers.
Hell's armies may mock us,—
Their hate ſhall not baulk us;
We fear not their leaguer:
But ON! true and eager.
Exalted each valley,
Each mountain made low,
In confident rally
Right homeward we go.

1884.

A DOXOLOGY.

THE songs of glory here begun
Let Heavenly songs complete,
To Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Paraclete.
We are as all Thy servants were,
And as they are shall be,—
Creator, Saviour, Comforter,—
Forever one in Thee.

1884.

A PILGRIM SONG.

GOD of Thine Iſrael, none is like Thee!
Great are Thy mercies, mighty Thy laws;
Let Thy word, pray we, verified be,
Hear Thou in Heaven, plead Thou our cauſe.

Faithful Creator, Thee will we truſt!
Thy God, O Zion, ſhall be thy Rock,
Out from before thee all thy foes thruſt,
Shelter thee, lead thee,—beautiful flock!

Girded with gladneſs, ſteady and ſtrong,
Straight thro the sea-path Wiſdom hath plowed,
Changing the voices, changeleſs the ſong
Mightily ſounding out from the cloud.

Gath'ring His sheep-flock from every fold,
Chriſt, their one Shepherd, shall His Church ſeal.
Were it not ſo, Lord, Thou wouldſt have told;—
What Love hath ſpokeu naught can repeal!

Darkneſs is paſſing,—twilight withdrawn,
Weeping endureth only a night.
Tender rejoicing ushers the dawn,—
Perfected promiſe,—faith merged in ſight!

1884.

DISCIPLESHIP.

"Jesu Meine Freude."
JOHANN FRANCK, 1653.

JESUS, Thou art neareſt
To my ſoul, and deareſt,
All my grace Thou art.
Ah, how long and lonely,
Longing for Thee only,
Waits this eager heart!
God's dear Lamb,
Thy bride I am.
From Thee parted, Earth could never
Cheer my ſoul, forever.

Under Thy protection,
Mid all inſurrection
Of my foes, I'm free.
Wrath let Satan utter,
Let the demons mutter,
Jeſus ſtands by me.
Still the ſame
'Neath bolt and flame,
E'en tho ſin and Hell diſmay me,
Still will Jeſus ſtay me.

Spite of shapes unreal,
Spite of death's ordeal,
Spite of heart diſtreſt;
Worlds may rage and quarrel,
Here ſtay I and carol
In unwonted reſt.
God's own might
Diſpels my fright;
Earth and e'en th' abyſs He quelleth,
Tho their anger ſwelleth.

Hence with all your treaſure;
For Thou art my pleaſure,
Jeſus,—my deſire!
Empty honors, ſpeed ye!
Care I not to heed ye,
Nor your help require.
Trial, loſs,
Shame, death and croſs.
Howſoe'er I ſuffer, never
Shall from Jeſus ſever.

Life that this world chooſes,
Thee my ſoul refuſes,—
Get thee from my ſight!
Mem'ry diſenchaining,
Far, ye ſins, remaining,
Come no more to light.
Night betide
Thee, pomp of pride!
To the wrong whence life hath ſtriven
Long farewell be given.

Yield, thou ſorrow-ſpirit!
Joy's own Lord inherit;
Jeſus enters in.
Thoſe whom God well loveth
Chaſtiſement but proveth;
Purer joys they win.
Here I 've borne
Reproach and ſcorn:
Yet mid grief is Jeſus plaineſt,
Thou my joy remaineſt!

Tr. 1885.

BETHLEHEM.

ALL the hoſts of morning ſing.
  All the chimes of Heaven are ſwinging.
All the air is quavering.
  All the ſtarry depths are ringing.
O'er the Shepherds with their flocks
God's eternal world unlocks.

Swiftly down the luſtrous skies,
  Angels troop with ſalutation,—
Mid unearthly miniſtrelſies,
  Tell the Saviour's incarnation!
"Fear no longer, HE is come,
Judah's heir, in David's home."

Birth-night of the Son of man!
  Virgin's Child, yet Lord Almighty,
Still toward Bethlehem's crowded khan
  Sings the world its glad VENITE!
Star-led where the Chriſt-babe lies,
Throng with gifts the heavenly wise.

Who His humble vigils keep
Chriſt doth bleſs with new evangels.
They who feed the Saviour's sheep,
Oft shall hear the ſong of angels!
God's high glory yet fulfills
Peace, to men of gentle wills.

1885.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF CHRIST.

HAIL! great Redeemer, high aſcended—
Thine humbling mortal travail ended,
Enthroned Thou art forevermore.
Yet, led by Thee in holy fitneſs,
Still greater things Thy Church shall witneſs,
Thou Galilean Conqueror!

With triple cords Thine own are banded
To teach the words Thy lips commanded;
For Thine is all authority.
The centuries go. New harveſts whiten!
Toward perfect day the ages brighten!
New lands ſtretch forth their hands to Thee!

No more we gaze where clouds are woven,
But truſt that pledge the years have proven—
"Lo! I am with you to the end."
We ask no more Thine holy reaſons—
Our God knows well His times and ſeaſons;
His bow of love will ne'er unbend.

O King! Thy cloudleſs morning haſteth.
Ride glorioufly, while darkneſs waſteth,
With all Thy white-clad armies' train!
The word ſhall change to open viſion,
And all Thine own, with glad tranſition,
Behold Thy beauteous face again!

1885.

WORSHIP.

O THOU Omnipreſent!
God! of life the centre,
Thankfully Thy gates we enter,
Joining theſe our praiſes,
With that hymn inceſſant,
Which the Church celeſtial raiſes.
In ſweet fear
Draw we near;
Thro Thy worlds ſo ſpacious
To each child Thou 'rt gracious.

Hushed the Earth before Thee!
Valley, plain and highland,
Every continent and iſland,
All things, large and lowly,
Silently adore Thee,
Preſent in Thy temple holy!
Void of ſpeech,
Yet they teach,
Wide their mute word goeth,
And Thy wisdom showeth.

Ever-bleſſéd Maker!
While Thine whole Creation
Sounds an endleſs jubilation,
O great God and Saviour,
Once with man partaker,
Hear our voice with tender favor!
By and by,
There on high,
In Thine heavenly places,
Perfect Thou our praiſes.

1885.

THE LAMBHERD.

"FORBID ye not the children:"
Said Chriſt, "but let them come!"
Of ſuch is Heaven's kingdom,
Their loving Father's home.

In gracious arms He took them,
And drew them to His breaſt;
And children ſtill are carried
By Him, and ſtill are bleſt.

So come to Him and welcome,
As long ago they came;
This good and tender Shepherd
Knows every lamb by name!

1885.

DECLARATION DAY.

AGAIN amid the summer air,
Our deep dependence to declare,
We bare our brows and bend to Thee,
Who only makeſt nations free.

Thou haſt, O God, done all things well,
Thy mercies are unſearchable,
With goodneſs' cup flowed o'er the brim,
We ſound to Heaven our happy hymn.

We thank Thee for our hiſtory,
And for to-day's tranquillity,
And what may come we humbly dare,
Safe in the affluence of Thy care.

Let many a shining ſun be ſent
To our bright flag's blue firmament,
Thoſe cluſtered Pleiads firmly bind—
A central light for all mankind.

And while that conſtellation grows,
And far its aſtral beauty shows,
Still guide Thou us from that pure throne
Where liberty and law are one.

Save the Republic! Be our God!
On holy ground, with feet unshod,
We ſtand to learn Thy full decrees,
And bear Thy world-wide meſſages.

1885.

CONSIDER.

SEE the lilies, how they grow!
Ne'er was king apparelled so.
Never yet was vocal tune
Like their melodies of June.
Yet they neither toil nor spin,
God's good care they flourish in.
All our faithlessness He quells,
In these summer bridal bells.

God, who clothes the lilies white,
In their music hath delight,
Heeds their pure and whispered chimes,
Listens to their silent rhymes.
From their lowly belfries rise
Hymns that touch the open skies.
Majesty with meekness dwells
In the valley's lily bells.

So would we, in fragrant stoles,
Raise to God our simple souls,
Knowing well that He desires
White-clad hearts to join His choirs.
Not the loudest, but the pure
Songs of Heaven's ear are sure;
Surely this the lily tells
In its peal of happy bells.

1885.

NAZARETH.

SING, every boy and maiden,
To Him, with gratitude,
Whoſe youth, tho heavy laden,
Was one beatitude;
For Jeſus, meek and purely,
Thro boyhood's duties trod,
As Mary's child, tho ſurely
The very Son of God.

The helper of His mother,
A faithful Hebrew lad,
For ſiſter and for brother
Chriſt wrought with ſpirit glad;
And made that cottage lowly,
That work-bench by the door,
A labor-leſſon holy
To love forevermore.

All rev'rently obeying,
He bore His daily part
Toward her who kept each ſaying
Safe in her wond'ring heart.
Along the ways where nature
Spake low, by hill and glen,
He grew in wiſdom, ſtature,
And grace with God and men.

Oh ſing! ye tired and tearful,
What this ſweet ſtory ſaith;
For all that's brave and cheerful
Comes out of Nazareth!
Let ſerving hands fly faſter,
New years new burdens bring,—
Enough! if like our Maſter,
The Carpenter and King!

1885.

THE DISCIPLES PRAYER.

OUR Father, we pray
What Chriſt taught to ſay,
And hallow Thy name
That from Heaven He came.

O wonderful King,
Thy bleſſéd rule bring,
Till Earth does that will
Which the angels fulfill!

Oh, give us alway
Our bread for each day.
Forgiveneſs renew,
And let us forgive too.

Keep us in Thy way,
Leſt evil betray;
Power and glory to Thee,
Our dear King, ever be!

1885.

THE NEIGHBOR.

ROBBED, bruiſed and dying, once I lay
Upon a lonely road;
When One came journeying on His way,
And wondrous mercy showed.

He ſaw me, pitied, came and bound
And bore me to an inn;
Cared wiſely for my every wound,
As He were very kin!

He watched beſide me all the night,
Till dawn did comfort bring;
Went only when 't was fully light,
And paid my reckoning.

And now, to keep the vows I made,
Beneath thoſe glowing eyes,
I would my fallen fellow aid,
And go and do likewiſe.

886.

A TOAST.

THE merry hours of boyhood love are gone,
Strong youth's full pulse beats calmer at the wrist,
Manhood's stern duties grind their steady grist.
Age's slow retrospect draws surely on.
But still the mellow dream-light once that shone
Upon those halcyon and happy days,
Shines on, 'neath noon or moon, with amber rays,
Across the changeless memories we won
Mid those dear groups that gather as we gaze,
And circle with the magic grasp and song,
To fade again as in the autumn haze.
Alack, good friends, 't is very, very long!
With whispered word and overbrimming eyes,
Pledge we the Auld Lang Syne that never dies.

1886.

COVENANT.

TO Thee, our God, theſe babes we bring,
Their birthright bleſſing claim,
And as a living offering
We name them in Thy Name.

Of Chriſtian faith and wedlock born,
Now are they holy, Lord;
The promiſe to our children ſworn
Reſts on Thy covenant word.

Theſe bright baptiſmal drops we pour
About their tender brows;
Cleanſe Thou their ſpirits more and more,
And ſeal our joyful vows.

By Thy regenerating choice,
Draw all their hearts to Thee,
To recognize the Saviour's voice,
And God's dear children be.

Faithful Creator, Holy Child,
And gracious Paraclete,
Fold ſafe Thy lambs amid this wild,
And homeward guide their feet.

1886.

STORMSHINE.

"Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him that made it; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the Heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

Eccles. 43: 11, 12.

I.

AGAINST the ſombre marches of the skies,
Thou ſcarf of opal fire, whereon is ſpelled,
In amber, amethyſt and emerald,
God's covenant that floods ſhall not o'erriſe,
What hopes gleam from thy blue and beryl dyes,
O foſter-ſymbol! gonfalon of love!
Thy truth ſhines thro the ſorrow-ſtorms, whereof
Man's dreadings only God can tranquillize,
And ſmites the clouds with irideſcent light.
Abroad the Eaſt, gloomed now by wrack and wraith,
Bends thy celeſtial paradox of faith.
Beautiful bow! abide in ſtrength, and bright
Thy luſtrous arch ſpan all the widening way,
Where next ſhall burn the foreglow of the day.

II.

Yet, fain to watch with tender gratitude,
From out this day of rain, whoſe clouds are denſe,
We ſee but half thy pearled circumference.
Our ſad horizon ever doth intrude
To break acroſs thy golden, purple-hued
And turquoiſed zone. Thy brilliant myſtery
Goes as it came. The clouds diſprinted be,
And the laſt glimmering traces ſight elude.
God's quiver-full of mercies is not ſpent!
We caught the flash of half His chariot wheel,
Who rides the ſtorms, who ſpeaks in thunder-peal,
Who reigns above the ſapphire firmament.
Thy ravelled light completes, where naught is dark
About His throne, its interrupted arc.

1886.

HEART OF MAINE.

FAR in New England woods I lie
In unmoleſted revery,
While mantled ſoft in Sunday grey
The ſober Auguſt glides away.
The turquoiſe sky is mirrored in
The deeper blue of Chamberlain,
Where, wide along as eye can reach,
Myſterious foreſts crowd the beach.

Swift as true purpoſe to its home,
Diſputed but not overcome,
In muſical perſiſtent flow,
To dream-ſet Eagle Lake below,
With ſilver-bubbled ſwirl and flash,
Whirls on the laughing Alleguash,
Thro rocky pools where alders nod,
And reaches fringed with golden-rod.

Far ſound the loons their lonely cry.
The great hawk ſwims, or poiſeth, high,
Until, wide-circling, he is flown
Where clouds horizonward are blown.
Change everywhere! All paſſeth by,
River and ſummer, bird and sky.
As thiſtle blow and shadow went,
The day ſpends,—and the mood is ſpent.

1886.

THE VICAR.

THY grace is all of grace,
Thou Merciful and Juſt!
The light that ſhines in Jeſus' face
Is all my truſt.

It found me in my ſin,
Will-driven and wide aſtray,
And placed my periled feet within
Life's narrow way,

From God no more eſtranged,
In Chriſt's dear blood made nigh,
My alienage forever changed,
A child am I.

Thro love's unearned releaſe,
Submiſſive at Thy ſide,
Thou, Lord, my Righteouſneſs and Peace,
My heart doſt guide.

1886.

INSTALLATION HYMN.

FATHER, as here we bow,
Hark to our praiſes now,
Hear Thou our prayer.
While this new page we turn,
More of Thy grace to learn,
Our ſouls united yearn
To bleſs Thy care!

Lord Chriſt, our minds uplift
To covet Thy beſt gift,
Unſelfish love!
Great Shepherd of the sheep,
Our flock and paſtor keep,
By fields and fountains deep
Lead all above.

O Living Spirit! rule
Our hearts in this life-ſchool,
Its little while.
Then call us home, to dwell
Where each Nathanael
Of one great Israel,
Stands clean of guile.

God! glorious and Triune,
Our lips and lives attune
For conſtant praiſe.
Creator, Ranſom, Guide,
Guard us on every ſide,
All that we need provide,
To endleſs days.
1886.

A PRAYER.

LORD, every day and everywhere,
In every way, or large or leaſt,
Let faithful ſervice be increaſed,
And Thine approval be my care.

Let all my plans be ſimplified
To follow Thee at ſmall remove,
To catch the ſecret of that love
Which drew the needy to Thy ſide.

Oh, that my lips might learn that word!
That living gift of gracious touch,
Which thrilled the burdened overmuch,
Which lonely ſouls with rapture heard!

Thou Living One! Oh, live in me!
My dullneſs ſo transfiguring,
My dumb voice making ſo to ſing,
That men may know I've been with Thee.

Control the quick, impatient ſpeech,
Curb my fierce pride and ſelfiſhneſs,
Enjoin my thought to heal and bleſs,
Firſt let me learn the thing I teach.

I would not bring Thee what is lame,
Unſeemly, torn, what coſt me naught:
But, by Thy patient grace beſought,
Would mark my beſt with Thy dear name.

Put mine with Thine in perfect chord.
Forgiveneſs let me ne'er forget.
Bend Thine ear lower!—Love me yet!
I ask no more; what could I, Lord?

1887.

MILITANCY.

AROUSE Thy Church, Almighty God,
To do the ſervice of to-day!
Stretch forth again the budding rod,
Divide the depths, diſcloſe the way!

Thou Captain of Jehovah's hoſt,
With ſword in hand Thy purpoſe show;
Appoint our armies to their poſt,
As Thou didſt leaguer Jericho.

Let the long trumpet-peal reſound!
With one great shout Thy people cry!
The ſtubborn barriers kiſs the ground,
And the good cauſe have victory.

With Love's red croſs aloft unfurled,
Let every man before him ſtraight
Go up, for Chriſt to ſtorm the world,
And turn the battle to the gate.

Let arms and arts and plans of men,
Diſpoſed by Thee, the dawn begin,
And e'en their plots of wrath Thy ken
O'errule to bring the kingdom in.

Let ſin's black ſhadows flee away,
Immanuel's preſence ſhine again!
Thy promiſes in Him are Yea,
And all Thy people ſay Amen.

1887.

THE LIFE-SAVER.

I DO not know the deadly depths within,
Where lurk my heart's capacities of wrong.
I cannot fathom what I might have been,
(Abandoned to myself to drift along
The seething floods, whose cruel undertow
Clutches unwary souls), had not the hand
Of the strong Swimmer, buffeting the flow
Of death, upheld my life and drawn to land.
I only know that from my fatal self
One who is strong preserved me! and I owe
My rescuing to Him, who treads the shelf
Where sea meets shore along this treacherous coast,
To watch the over-bold, who dare the woe
Of waters, left their powers give up the ghost.

1887.

MY REAL ESTATE.

NEATH these broad skies,
Somewhere there lies
A little plot,
A quiet spot,
To me unshown,
Yet all mine own.
No deed nor fee
Is granted me;
No title claim
Bears seal and name
To show that bit
Of earth;—to wit:
Eight feet by three.
No warranty,
No man's attest,
Makes manifest
My freehold quit.
To measure it
I have not spanned;
I know the land

Is quite enough,
For all the ſtuff
With me I'll bear
When I build there.
It is ſecure
Paſt forfeiture.
By ſure mortmain
I shall retain
My real eſtate;
So let it wait,
Where'er it lies
Neath the cool skies.

1887.

DE PROFUNDIS.

THOU Lord of my life, by the words Thou haſt ſaid,
I bring Thee the burdens that pain me;
Deep waters of ſorrow cloſe over my head,
Unleſs Thy good hand ſhall ſuſtain me.

O Help of the ſtricken! O Hope of the loſt!
Where elſe can I go with my crying?
Thou One all-acquainted with grief to Thy coſt,
My ſoul to Thy mercy is flying.

Almighty Redeemer, give ear to my prayer!
Uphold me! Abandon me never!
Forgive me my doubts of Thine infinite care.
Enfold me forever and ever.

1887.

ITHACA.

NESTED within the crotch of three great hills,
And terraced up their vined and flowered sides,
Broad to the Sun, the lovely village hides
'Neath the cool trees, or wanders where it wills
By wayside, or where water overspills
Down the split rocks, from deep and fragrant dells.
Out on the Autumn air the college bells
Float their faint chimes. Valeward the sleepy mills
Murmur their monotones. Home to their cells
The drowsy bees go leisurely. Of rest
And unmolested dreams the landscape tells.
The blue Cayuga curves into the west
By palisaded shores, its plashing croon
Lulling the soft September afternoon.

1887.

A MEMORY.

HERE where Aurora winds along the lake
Its mile of beauty, by the land careſſed
Within its curved arm, where the breeze blows beſt
Across the ruſtling waters, and no wake
Is left of them whose sails are furled, who take
With better wings their voyage paſt the Sun,
Sadly I tread the ways that ſpeak of one
I loved and love, so plain as if to make
It seem impoſſible his work is done
Here among men. That quiet hillſide mound!
The muſic of that manhood silenced! None
Ever to win the welcome here he found—
Stranger and angel,—nor until the end
Diſplace the heartache for a vanished friend!

1887.

RECESSION.

WE close Thy bleſſéd word,
Where power and promiſe meet;
What faith with rapture heard
May blameleſs lives complete.

Here hath heartſickneſs learned
Who makes the ſad to ſing,
And ſtrife-toſſed reaſon turned
To love, unqueſtioning.

Receive our twilight hymn,
Take, Lord, our evening prayer;
Our ſouls, while day grows dim,
Surrender to Thy care.

Home to their fold, Thy breaſt,
Thy sheep return once more;
Thou, who doſt guide to reſt,
Thyſelf shalt guard the door.

1887.

MENDELSSOHN.

FEBRUARY 3, 1809,—NOVEMBER 4, 1847.

"*RES SEVERA VERUM GAUDIUM EST.*"

I.

NOT two-ſcore years, as mortals reckon years:
But years enough to write a deathleſs word
On that clear ſcroll, where but a few preferred
And lofty ſouls are held,—the auguſt ſeers
Of muſic's mighty world. Peer among peers
At large thou goeſt now where the heart-throe
Of Beethoven finds reſt, where Berlioz
And Paleſtrina meet. Thy ſpirit hears
Words for thy ſongs! Thy days were ſcant on Earth.
The voice of Handel ſpake acroſs to thee,
And great Sebaſtian from eternity
Reached thee his wand: but to its better birth,
Thou February child! thy ſpirit went,
A flame of harmony that Heaven but lent.

II.

Now years two-ſcore are gone ſince thou didſt go
To thoſe pure realms whoſe ſounds were overheard
By thy keen ſenſe. But ſtill man's pulſe is ſtirred
By wiſtful-mellow tones that overflow
From thy wide wealth. And ſtill men better know,
For thee, Paul's gleaming path, the Baal queens,
Carmel's weird day and ſombre Horeb's ſcenes,
The whirlwind and the whiſper, and the glow
Of God's own chariot, for him ſent down,
Who ſtrove with paſſionate ſincerity,
Hard hungering (as thou!) for sympathy,
And won thro toil for truth the fadeleſs crown.
Thy faith, O eager Mendelſſohn! we ask,
To find "the trueſt joy in ſterneſt task."

1887.

A BAPTISMAL HYMN.

MY Maker, at Thy holy throne,
In full ſurrender here I bow;
What Thou haſt made is all Thine own;
Accept Thy glad new creature now!

Thou Maſter, Chriſt, alone ordained
My Mediator, Thy decree
Of grace hath cleanſed this heart all-ſtained,
Henceforth may I Thy nameſake be!

Theſe waters, like Thy flowing love,
O Holy Ghoſt, apply to me!
Grant, undivided, from above,
Truth, mercy, power, O Trinity!

So let the childhood of my ſoul
The Heavenly Kingdom now declare,
Thought, love and choice, His will control,
Who called me thus His name to wear.

1888.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Fit the same intellect to a man, and it is a bowstring: to a woman, and it is a harpstring." O. W. H.

AS the dilemma of the creſcent Moon
To one full ſphere of perfect beauty tends,
So in thy mind each grace with other blends
In keen and kindly light, and all in tune
Thy words with tears or twinkling ſmiles are ſtrewn.
Bowſtring and harpſtring too, for ſong or ſhaft
Thy wit was ſtrung. Perhaps we cried, or laughed:—
We ever loved! With mellow afternoon
Thy path ſtill lengthen toward the ſlanting Sun.
The Nautilus hath chambers yet to build.
The ſtaunch Chaiſe muſt its hundred ſummers run.
And then,—and then what Love Divine hath willed!
Up, all ye gueſts! Dear Autocrat, at laſt
When thou art gone, who then ſhall break our faſt?

1888.

REMEMBRANCE.

FOUR hundred years their course have sped
Since first San Salvador
Above the waste of waters dread
Revealed its unknown shore.

The slow-paced ages startling heard
The wide new world proclaimed.
Hope clarioned forth the bounteous word,
Till Time's cold pulses flamed.

Thro bitter days of doubt and strife
Thou madest us to dwell
Between Thy shoulders. Lord, our life,
Thou hast done all things well!

Wrought by Thy wise and wondrous hand,
This great effectual door,
Of Liberty with Law, doth stand
Set wide for evermore.

From outward threat and inward throe,
By want and wealth and rod,
As Thou hast led, lead on! we know
Thou art Columbia's God.

1888.

A COLLEGE SONG.

TWILIGHT comes ſoon!
Then ſing, boys, ſing,
While ſunny mornings laſt.
Love's muſic bring,
Before the day is paſt;
Twilight comes ſoon!

Twilight comes ſoon!
The Sun burns high,
The duſty way is long,
Man's ſtrength goes by:
But love hath yet a ſong.
Twilight comes ſoon!

Twilight comes ſoon!
Our greetings fail,
The ſhadows longer grow,
Youth-light is pale:
But ſing we, tho we know
Twilight comes ſoon!

1888.

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